THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 16, 1805.

MEMOIRS *of the* LIFE *of* LORD NELSON.

(Continued from Page 972.)

SOON after his return, instead of being appalled by the dangers recently encountered, young Nelson applied for and was appointed to a birth in the Sea-horse, a twenty-gun ship, in which he repaired to the East-Indies, and by visiting every part of the coast from the Bay of Bengal to Bussorah, was exposed to an extreme of heat in the course of this voyage, nearly equal to the degree of cold he had experienced in the former. These sudden changes could not but prove very injurious, and his health accordingly yielded to the pressure, so that he was obliged to return home on purpose to breathe his native air.

His health being fortunately re-established, Mr. Nelson, on the 26th of September, 1776, received an order from Sir James Douglas, then commanding officer at Portsmouth, to act as lieutenant of the Worcester, of 64 guns, Captain Mark Robinson, who was under sailing orders for Gibraltar with a convoy. In the same kind of service he was engaged 'till April the following year, and during the greatest part of that interval in uncommonly boisterous weather. A strict attention to his professional duties, added to seven years' practice, had rendered Mr. Nelson such a complete seaman, that though he had not yet attained his nineteenth year, yet Captain Robinson placed the greatest confidence in his skill and prudence, and was frequently heard to say, that he felt as easy at night when it was Nelson's watch, as when the oldest officer on board had charge of the ship.

Having passed his examination for the rank of lieutenant, on the 8th of April, 1777, Mr. Nelson, the following day, re-

ceived a commission as second of the Lowestoffe, of 32 guns, Captain William Locker, with whom he proceeded to Jamaica. A circumstance soon afterwards occurred, in which he gave a striking indication of that intrepid spirit which no danger could ever subdue or appal. In a strong gale of wind and a heavy sea, the Lowestoffe came up with an American letter of marque, which struck to the British frigate. Captain Locker ordered the first lieutenant to board her; but this, owing to the tremendous sea, he was unable to accomplish. "Have I then no officer who can board the prize?" exclaimed Captain Locker on his return. The master immediately ran to the gangway, with the intention of jumping into the boat, when he was suddenly stopped by Lieutenant Nelson, with these words: "It is my turn now; if I come back, it will be your's." It is unnecessary to add, that his attempt was crowned with success.

Finding that his station in the Lowestoffe was not sufficiently active for his restless mind, he solicited an appointment to the command of a schooner, tender to the frigate. In this small vessel he eagerly embraced every opportunity of rendering himself a complete pilot for all the intricate passages among the islands called Keys, situate to the northward of St. Domingo.

In 1778 he was appointed to the Bristol, and rose by seniority to be first-lieutenant. In the course of the succeeding year (June 11, 1779) he obtained the rank of post-captain, on which occasion he was appointed to the command of the Hinchinbroke. Having sailed in this vessel for the West-Indies, he repaired to Port Royal, in the island of Jamaica, and an expedition against one of the Spanish settlements being then in contemplation, he had now an opportunity, for the first time, of distinguishing himself as a commanding officer. The enterprize to which we allude was planned by Sir John Dalling, the then governor, for the purpose of seizing on Fort St. Juan, in the Gulph of Mexico. On this occasion the commander of the Hinchinbroke conveyed the troops, which were so few in point of number, that they were destitute of a field officer.

In this arduous service he displayed his usual zeal and energy; quitting his ship, he directed the transporting of the troops one hundred miles up a river, which none but Spaniards had ever navigated since the time of the buccaneers. Major Polson bore ample testimony of the exertions and intrepidity of his gallant colleague, who after storming one of the enemy's out-posts, situated on an island in the river, constructed batteries, and fought the Spaniards with their own guns. To his conduct and excellent dispositions the subsequent reduction of Fort Juan was principally to be ascribed.

By the great fatigue Captain Nelson had endured in this expedition, and in so intemperate a climate, his health was much impaired.

impaired. He was, however, soon after appointed to the Janus, of 44 guns, on the Jamaica station, and took his passage in the Victor sloop to join his ship. But, notwithstanding he received every medical help, and the kind attention of Sir Peter Parker, he became so ill, that he was obliged to return to England in the Lion, commanded by the Hon. William Cornwallis. He repaired to Bath, where he continued eleven weeks before he had again the use of his limbs.

He could not, however, remain inactive long, and when his health appeared to be re-established, in August, 1781, he accepted the command of the Albemarle, in which he was stationed, during the whole of the ensuing winter, in the North Seas. In April, 1782, he sailed with a convoy under the command of Captain Pringle, for Newfoundland and Quebec. During a cruize off Boston, he was chased by three ships of the line and the Iris frigate. As they were all better sailors than the Albemarle, and were gaining upon him very fast, he had no other chance of escape than trusting to providence and his own experience in pilotage, to run his ship among the shoals of St. George's Bank. The line of battle ships, alarmed for their own safety, quitted the pursuit, but the frigate still persevered in the chace, and had approached within little more than gun-shot, when Captain Nelson ordered the main-top-sail of his little frigate to be laid to the mast, that he might be prepared for battle, on which the enemy, declining the engagement, immediately tacked, and stood to rejoin her consorts.

In October, 1782, Captain Nelson sailed from Quebec with a convoy to New York, where he joined Sir Samuel Hood, and afterwards sailed with him to the West Indies, and was actively employed 'till the peace. Captain Nelson was soon ordered to England, but directed in his way to attend Prince William Henry, on his visit to the Havannah. On the last day of July, 1783, the Albemarle was paid off at Portsmouth, and in the ensuing autumn Captain Nelson went to France, where he remained 'till the spring of 1784, when he took the command of the Boreas frigate, of 28 guns, and was ordered to the Leeward Islands.

On the Leeward Island station a new scene was now opened to the officers of the British navy. The Americans, who, as colonists, enjoyed almost the whole of the trade from America to the West-India islands, forgot, on the conclusion of peace, that they were then to be considered as having no more privileges in this commerce than foreigners. Their claims were, however, favoured by all the West Indians to whose interest they tended, and particularly by the governors and custom-house officers, who asserted, that, by the navigation act, the Americans had a right to trade. Captain Nelson, however, with that penetration and solidity of judgment, which he has

manifested on every occasion, considered the subject in a very different point of view, and determined that nothing should dismay him while enforcing the maritime laws of his country. He, accordingly, intimated with firmness to the governors and officers of the customs, as well as to the Americans, what he imagined to be his duty, and a few days afterwards seized several American vessels, found in the act of carrying on a trade which he looked upon as illicit. This proceeding drew upon him the hatred of all parties, who persecuted him with such inveteracy, that he could not venture with safety to leave his ship. Consciousness of the rectitude of his conduct supported his great mind under these trying circumstances, and he had likewise the satisfaction to find, that, on an investigation of his proceedings, they were approved by Government.

Towards the close of 1786, Captain Nelson was joined on his station by Prince William Henry, in the Pegasus frigate. His conduct, as commanding-officer, gained him the esteem of his royal highness, and their friendship has since increased with advancing years. In March, 1787, Captain Nelson married Mrs. Frances Herbert Nesbit, widow of Dr. Nesbit, of the island of Nevis, daughter of William Herbert, Esq. senior judge, and niece to Mr. Herbert, president of that island. Prince William Henry gave away the bride. In the month of June following, Captain Nelson sailed for England, and on the 30th of November the Boreas frigate was paid off at Sheerness.

Our hero now retired to enjoy the comforts of domestic happiness, at the parsonage-house of Burnham, which his father gave up to him as a place of residence; and here he passed the interval of peace in rural occupations and in solitude. From the age of twelve years he had been incessantly engaged in a continued succession of events arising out of his professional duties, in a complication of perils and emergencies. He now, for the first time, had leisure to strengthen by reflection the experience he had obtained, to combine the various ideas which a quick yet sound observation had collected, and to improve and increase that knowledge of himself and of mankind, which is so essential to those who are called upon by their country to command with firmness, and to obey without a murmur.

(To be continued.)

On the CONTINENTAL WAR.

THE balance of power, when considered merely as a struggle for superiority among the different states of Europe, is a savage, unjust, and barbarous contention: such it has often been, and as such deserves to be ranked among the bloody strifes of uncivilized tribes on the continents of Africa or America.

rica. But when that balance is regarded as regulating the just quantum of power which every state ought to possess, in proportion to its valour, its virtue, and its resources, every attempt to restore it, when destroyed by the exorbitant ambition of one state, or one individual, is to be considered as an effort for the general good.

The community of civilized nations must be regarded in the light of a great family, whose members, though not always at union with each other, ought never to be so far at variance, as to threaten the general safety. Diversity of interests, similarity of pursuits, and violence of desires, create animosity and divisions, even in the happiest families; but when they are not suffered to proceed to any violent length, they serve to keep alive that spirit of emulation and competition, without which neither nations nor individuals can arrive at excellence.

The harmony of nature is preserved by contrarieties, and without balancing the properties of one animal against those of another, they could not exist together—winds and tempests are requisite to preserve the air and water from stagnation, and to give motion and exercise to plants. The whole system of the world is a system of opposition, and without the destruction of some things others could not be preserved; perhaps even wars are indispensable, in the natural and moral government of the world, and, in this light, even tyrants may be useful; but when they proceed beyond a certain length, society must interpose to maintain its rights, and restore the due equilibrium. The contest which now involves the interests of Europe is of the nature just described—it is undertaken for a legitimate purpose, acknowledged by all the laws of civilized nations, and sanctioned by the soundest principles of reason and utility.

A man, endowed by nature, with an uncommon capacity, and favoured by fortune with uncommon success, has abused the gifts of both, by violating the rights of nations and individuals, and arrogating to himself an authority over the civilized world, incompatible with general liberty; for a long time the rest of Europe viewed his progress with silent apathy or tame forbearance. England was the first to regard his proceedings with suspicion, and resist them by force, and for a long time she resisted alone—but there is a point of depression from which even the dullest souls will rise to resistance, and the nations on the continent seem now to be awakened from their lethargy. The great scheme of universal empire is now disclosed, and can only be rendered abortive by the success of a vigorous coalition.

The nations of Europe are now placed in a desperate crisis, and a continental war is the last hope and resource of insulted humanity. Should that be successful, the power of Bonaparte may be restrained, even though the Bourbons should not be restored.

stored. And should it fail, Europe will not be in a worse situation than by tame acquiescence in the progress of the tyrant; for by force, or by fraud, he is determined to be emperor of Europe, if not of the world. Great Britain will fall the last in the struggle, but she will fall, if success attends the arms of France—she will fall, however, with the glorious satisfaction of having attempted to rescue the civilized world from slavery, and of having been the first to resist, and the last to yield to the power of the great usurper. A period never did arise when so much depended on the issue of any war as the present; for considering the advance and state of civilization, and the certainty of relapsing into a state of barbarism on the success of Bonaparte, it is the most important contest in which the nations of the world were ever involved.

The probability of the success of a war on the continent is a subject of momentous enquiry—and this will depend not only on the means of the allied powers, but on the manner in which they are employed; and also on the state and disposition of the French people, and the French army. Of the talents exerted by Bonaparte, for the maintenance of his empire there can be no doubt; all that human power can call into action he will display, but all will be to no purpose, if the resources of the allied nations are properly directed, and the disposition of the French, such as might be expected in such a contest.

The present coalition differs in many material particulars, from that which was formed in the last war for the destruction of French liberty; the different powers which composed it were disunited by a variety of interest, and by a want of ability and honesty among themselves. Many of those states have now changed their governors, and are directed by men of spirit and integrity, instead of subtle and selfish politicians; and the danger to be apprehended from the French power is now of a more urgent and serious nature; it may be seen, and better understood; before, it was distant, visionary, and doubtful. The case with France too, is materially altered; before, she contended for the shadow of liberty, at least, if not for the substance. Now, she contends for neither the one nor the other —she is not threatened with being dismembered, and portioned out among the different states of Europe, but her legitimate power is acknowledged, and her territorial limits accurately defined. She is in no danger of being blotted out of the map of Europe, and having her very name effaced from the list of civilized nations; she has a common cause with the powers with whom she is nominally at war; for that war is not against her, but against her rulers; against despotism and its vile agents; against the determined enemies of human happiness and liberty.

Could the temporizing policy of Prussia be nursed into manly opposition, the confederacy of independent states would be complete, and the prospect of their success considerably brightened; their forces, headed by a patriotic monarch, and animated by a just sense of civilized liberty, would add a weight and give a spirit to the cause which seems wanted to make the coalition complete.

Report announces that some of the allied sovereigns are expected at the head of their armies; should their example be followed by Prussia, and the princes of the German empire, the effect of such a spirit would be incalculable. Individually and collectively, these monarchs may be all inferior to Bonaparte in talents; but combined and directed by able generals, their presence will add a vigour to their cause, which even the whole power of France, headed by Bonaparte, will not be able to resist. When kings take the field in person, it shews they are in earnest; and their armies, animated by such commanders, will make a common cause with them, and fight with the spirit of men, rather than the mere regularity of machines. The physical force of armies is weak, compared to the powerful influence of moral causes; and when were these ever combined in a greater degree than at present.

The war in which Europe is engaged, is the most important in the history of the world, and consequently a greater variety of resources will be brought into action, than on any former occasion. The contest is between liberty and despotism, civilization and barbarism, profligacy and morality. The sacrifices on both sides will be great, and the result on either side incalculable. It is not a contest to be decided by the event of a battle, or even the result of a campaign, but by a superior vigour and perseverance. Though a good cause is not always triumphant, yet it seldom fails but for want of prudence. The present contest must be ultimately decided in favour of that party which employs the greatest vigour, talent, and unanimity; these, on the side of justice, cannot fail of success, and even against her they will finally prevail; but nothing can resist the force of virtue and energy combined.

Account of the Siege of Vienna by the Turks, in 1683, and of the Defeat of the Ottoman Forces by John Sobieski the First, King of Poland.

THE general of the Turkish army was Kara-Mustapha, the grand-vizir, who had married the daughter of Valide, the sultan. The sultan does not give to every vizir his catischerif, that is to say, a full power; but the present had that honour conferred

conferred upon him. Never had ambition and pride, two passions that devoured him, a more extensive field to act in: a hundred and forty thousand regular troops, consisting of Janizaries, Spahis, and others; eighteen thousand Walachians, Moldavians, and Transylvanians, commanded by their respective princes; fifteen thousand Hungarians, led by Tekeli; fifty thousand Tartars commanded by Selim-Gerai, their cham; and, if we include volunteers, officers of the baggage, and provisions, workmen of all sorts, and servants, the whole must amount to more than three hundred thousand men, thirty-one bashaws, five sovereign princes, with three hundred pieces of cannon; and the object of this mighty armament was equally great, the conquest of the western empire.

The imperial troops were commanded by Charles V. duke of Lorrain, the same who was Prince Sobieski's competitor for the crown of Poland, in 1674. He was then young, but had already given proofs of his having the soul of a hero. The duke's capacity, much more than his rank, procured him the command in chief, which would have frightened any man but himself; for he had only thirty-seven thousand men to oppose that torrent of infidels, which came to overwhelm the empire.

The vizir advanced on the right side of the Danube, passed the Save and the Drave, forced the duke before him, and made a feint of attacking Raab, while he detached fifty thousand Tartars on the road to Vienna. The duke, perceiving the stratagem, made a stolen march in his turn; suffered a check at Petronel, and had scarce time to reach Vienna, where he threw in part of his infantry to reinforce the garrison, and took post in the island of Leopolstadt, formed by the Danube, on the north side of the city; while the Tartars arrived about the same time on the south.

Upon this occasion was seen one of those spectacles which ought to be a lesson to sovereigns, and which move the compassion of their subjects, even when the sovereigns have ill deserved their tenderness: Leopold, the most powerful emperor since Charles the Fifth, flying from his capital with the empress, his mother in law, the empress his wife, the archdukes, the archduchesses, and part of the inhabitants following the court in great disorder.

The whole country was filled with flying parties, equipages, and waggons laden with goods; the last of which fell into the hands of the Tartars, at the very gates of Lintz. Even this city, which the imperial family fled to in their first fright, did not seem a safe asylum, and they were forced to take refuge in Passaw. They lay the first night in a wood, where the empress, who was far advanced in her pregnancy, found that it was possible to sleep upon straw, surrounded on all sides by terror.

Among the other horrors of this night, they had a view of the flames which already consumed Lower Hungary, and advanced towards Austria. The Turks were to be dreaded only as civilized warriors, who conquer by dint of valour; but the Tartars burnt, murdered, and carried into slavery. The deepest caves afforded an insecure retreat; the trembling victims were discovered by dogs trained to hunt men; and Tekeli, the chief of the Hungarians, upon this occasion, was a very Tartar.

The emperor, by only the first excesses that attended this irruption, paid dearly for his acts of violence in Hungary, and the blood of its nobles that he had spilt. He could not be persuaded, that Kara-Mustapha would leave behind him such places as Raab and Comora, and fall directly upon Vienna. The king of Poland, who knew better, as is always the case with princes who make war in person, gave him warning of it, but without effect.

Vienna was become, under ten successive emperors of the house of Austria, the capital of the Roman empire in the west. Soliman the Great was the first Turkish emperor that marched against Vienna, in 1529, after having been crowned king of Persia at Bagdadt, making Europe and Asia tremble at the same time. He failed in his attempt, not daring to contend against the fortune of Charles the Fifth, who marched to its relief with an army of fourscore thousand men. Kara-Mustapha, who saw only a handful to oppose him, flattered himself, that he should be more fortunate; and begun the siege on the 7th of July. The Germans are undoubtedly a brave people; but they have never appeared before the gates of Constantinople, as the Turks have before those of Vienna.

The vizir pitched his camp in the plain on the southern side of the Danube, and filled its whole extent, which is of three leagues. This camp abounded with every thing that was necessary for so vast a multitude; money, ammunition, and provisions of every kind. The different quarters were commanded by bashaws, who displayed the magnificence of kings; but all this magnificence was eclipsed by the pomp of the vizir, who wallowed in luxury. A grand vizir's retinue usually consists of two thousand officers and servants; but the present had double that number. His park, that is to say, the space enclosed by his tents, near the palace of the favourite, was as extensive as the city he besieged. The lustre of the richest stuffs, of gold and jewels, seemed to contend with the glare of arms. It was furnished with baths, gardens, fountains, and even curious animals, for his amusement. He shut himself up with his young icoglans, oftener than with his general officers. The iman, or minister of religion, who attended him in this expedition, threatened him with the divine indignation; but the vizir

laughed at his menaces, and plunged himself deeper in debauchery.

In the mean time, the luxury of the general did not in the least diminish the valour of the Janizaries; nor was the Turkish artillery at all less formidable.

Count Staremberg, a man of abilities and experience, who was now governor of Vienna, and had formerly been so to his master, had set fire to the suburbs, and, by a cruel necessity, burnt the subsistence of the citizens, whom his object was to preserve. He had a garrison under him, which was computed at sixteen thousand men, but in fact amounted only to eleven thousand at most.

The duke of Lorrain, who had taken post in the island of Leopoldstadt, and did his utmost to preserve a communication from thence with the city, thought himself obliged to retire from it, by the bridges which he had laid across the Danube, and now ordered to be broke down. Never was there a general in a more desperate situation; for, after he had thrown part of his infantry into Vienna, Raab, and Camora, he had not thirty thousand men left to keep the field.

The Turks did not get possession of the counterscarp 'till the seventh of August, after repeated engagements for three and twenty days together, with great loss of blood on both sides. Their mines, their continual attacks, the decrease of the garrison, the waste of provisions, all contributed to give the utmost uneasiness; and, to so many real evils, imaginary ones were added.

The duke of Lorrain writ letter after letter to the king of Poland to hasten his march. Notwithstanding all the diligence he had used, his army could not be got together 'till towards the end of the month of August, 1683. He sent away the first bodies that arrived, and, while the main body was getting ready, took up his residence at Cracow, where he did not throw away his time. His fondness for hunting, play, and entertainments, never shewed itself, but when the republic was at peace. He examined into the details that he received of the siege; studied the situation of Vienna by a topographical map; considered the position of the Turks in every view; settled his order of battle; and regulated his marches, in order to fix the decisive day.

When he arrived at Tarnowits, the first town of Siberia, he reviewed his army, which amounted only to twenty-five thousand men, and, consequently, far short of the number stipulated in the treaty; which is no more than every power that treats with Poland must expect. Before the review was over, he received a letter from the emperor. A copy of it may serve to shew the power of adversity upon haughty minds, and the return of their pride as soon as the danger is past. "We are convinced (says the

the emperor) that, by reason of the vast distance of your army, it is absolutely impossible for it to come time enough to contribute to the preservation of a place which is in the most imminent danger. It is not therefore your troops, Sire, that we expect, but your majesty's own presence; being fully persuaded, that, if your royal person will vouchsafe to appear at the head of our forces, though less numerous than those of the enemy, your name alone, which is so justly dreaded by them, will make their defeat certain."

It must certainly have cost Leopold a great deal to make this confession. As soon as he despaired of seeing the Polish army, nothing hindered him from putting himself at the head of his own troops and those of the empire; but the past and the present made him feel the necessity of another commander, to whom he no longer scrupled to attribute the qualities of a hero, or to give the title of majesty, which he had before refused him. The emperor concluded his letter with a minute account of all the troops that he was assembling, and which were to arrive forthwith at the bridge where they were to pass the Danube, assuring the king, that the bridge was already finished. The sequel will shew, that the emperor soon altered his language, with regard to John, and was mistaken in his facts. His letter is preserved to this day, in the archives of Poland.

The critical situation of affairs, and the confidence which Leopold reposed in him, determined the king to take a step which exposed his own person to danger.

Leaving his army to the care of the grand general Jablonowski, he resolved to go forward himself, and even to give battle without it, if the preservation of Vienna required it. In order to get thither, he had no route to take, but across Silesia, Moravia, and that part of Austria which lies to the north of the Danube; three provinces that were infested by Hungarians, Turks, and Tartars, whom the duke of Lorrain, with all his capacity and courage, despaired of keeping within bounds any longer. The king, in his march, had only two thousand horse. Other kings, even in the midst of an army, have a second army for their guard: his equipage was no greater than that of the brave soldiers that marched with him. Nothing but a chaise attended him, which even Prince James, his son, made no use of; they both travelled all the way on horseback. It is not every king that is formed to be a hero; but whoever is animated with that glorious ambition must endure fatiguing marches, suffer hardships, and expose himself to dangers like a common soldier, whenever occasion requires it.

John was so far from discovering any fear, that he recovered the whole country from its consternation. The peasants, who had sown only that they might not reap, and regretted the fate

of their murdered friends, ran together from every hamlet to see their deliverer, and considered themselves as already delivered. His own troops, which he conducted through so many dangers, stood also in need of being encouraged, and he omitted no opportunity of doing it. One morning, when he was a few leagues from Olmutz, an eagle flew by him on the right; and, as the Poles have retained some faith in omens, he told them a story out of the Roman history, and the flight of the eagle was considered as a token of victory. Another day, upon the weather's clearing up, after a thick mist, an inverted rainbow (a phenomenon not common, but which sometimes happens) was seen upon the surface of a meadow. The soldiers fancied it miraculous, and the king confirmed them in this persuasion.

(To be continued.)

FASHIONS *and* FRIVOLITIES *of* PARIS.

OUR *incroyables* (the present name for *petit maitres*) now wear four waistcoats; all of different colours, and all visible, with a great coat, colour, Hambourg smoke.

The *elegantes* also wear great coats only—shawls and muffs are discarded. The great coats are chiefly of fine cloth: but velvet also, Spanish snuff colour, is worn trimmed with swans-down. The tops of the shoulders have *douilettes*, of silk, stuffed and twisted with swans-down. The hat the same colour as the coat. Velvet *toques* or mobs, are also worn.

In full dress, feathers now prevail over flowers. Instead of satin, figured sarsenets or crape are in vogue for dresses. To coloured gowns they adapt white fronts. Instead of a girdle, a scarf is now used, which, after crossing the skirt, forms an elegant drapery.

M. Le Roy, the chief *marchond des modes*, is the Petronius Arbiter of Paris. His voice fixes the law of taste—his magazine is the most *recherche* in the French metropolis. "Pray M. Le Roy—to this touching toquet, what colour of trimming would you advise me to take? Would not white crape spangled, harmonize with it?"—"*Fi-donc*, Madame—that is the colour of every one." And yet 'tis the fashion."—"And it is precisely, Madame, because it is the fashion, that I advise you against it. A woman who knows how to respect herself ought never to be in the fashion." "Indeed! what ought she to do then?" She ought to strike—"Il faut faire sensation, Madame; Il faut faire sensation!"

Every *elegante* in Paris has now her *attentif*. An *attentif* was formerly a *cecisbeo*.

A

A patent of invention is granted for a new mode of gilding furniture which never tarnishes.

Fifteen hundred francs is a prodigious receipt for any one of the theatres except the opera—and yet, though the performers are starving, none of them dare to emigrate. Elleviou has, with great difficulty, obtained leave to retire from the stage to a farm on the banks of the Rhone, where he wishes to gather grapes instead of laurels.

A young man in the fashion carries a slight stick apparently not worth two-pence; but it is an American thorn, with a little gold apple, which costs him four crowns—and with a watch, or an opera-glass, inclosed in the apple, which is now the *ton*, costs, perhaps, ten times as much.

Vases, urns, statues, and obelisks, of alabastar, are all the mode in furnishing a house; and if not these, the antiquities of Herculaneum are among the novelties of Paris.

Except on Sundays, the terrace of the Feuillants, which is a winter rendezvous is a desert; nor is there any one seen at Coblentz. The fashionable promenade is from Frescati to the Bains Chinoises.

The hair is cropped quite short behind, but falls down in front like a cork-screw. The *elegantes*, besides a cork-screw, between the eyes, have two dog's ears *tortillonnées*, which descend to the breast. This coeffure is the newest.

Some of the young men who had borrowed, for a ball-dress, the scarf of the ancient chevaliers, have now changed it to a scarf, ornamented with gold, silver, tassels, or jet, according to the colour of the coat.

An Account of an Earthquake that took place in the Kingdom of Naples on the 26th of July, 1805, and of the Eruption of Mount Vesuvius on the 12th of August; selected chiefly from Particulars transmitted by Mr. Falconnet, a Merchant of Naples.

"ALTHOUGH I expressed to you by a former letter my regret that no eruption of Mount Vesuvius took place, but that on the contrary the little columns that arose now and then were less since the earthquake, and how desirable it was that a vent should be given by an eruption to the inflammable matter that seemed to exist in the bowels of the earth, I did not expect to have this day to announce to you that my wishes were accomplished last night by an abundant eruption of lava from Mount Vesuvius, which, though we have not felt any fresh shock of an earthquake since July 26, yet now relieves us from any farther apprehension of new shocks.

"In

" In the course of yesterday, 'till about seven o'clock in the evening, Vesuvius was very quiet, emitting but little smoke; it then increased, with flames at intervals; at nine o'clock they became frequent; and I observed when they fell, that the mouth of Vesuvius appeared still as a furnace. I was then on the terrace of my country-house at St. Jeriv, west from Vesuvius, and very near it. Mrs. Falconnet had just left me to sit down to supper in the dining-room; the scene before me kept me some minutes longer. I then joined her, but had not sat down a minute when we were told the eruption was beginning. In an instant we were on the terrace, and observed its having overflowed on the same side as last year, and rushed down with such rapidity as to run more than a mile in ten minutes, and in a very short time it reached the valley towards Torre del Greco. This stream of lava was immense, and extended with amazing rapidity over the country. It divided itself into three branches, one of which, beyond the Torre del Greco, surrounded the country-house of the Cardinal Archbishop of Naples, and before morning it reached the sea, and continued running into it.—The stream of lava is much diminished; but when it broke out, from about ten o'clock in the evening 'till twelve, it was a grand and splendid sight; and as it ran from north to south, and I was on the west, it represented the back scenery of hell at an opera. Figure to yourself an immense sheet of flames rising at least half a mile from the ground, and crowned by a black cloud which vanished by degrees.

" Many very valuable vine-yards and farm-houses have been destroyed; and as the lava rushed out with very little noise and great rapidity, I am afraid some habitations on the brow of the hill will have been surrounded before the people were aware of the danger or had time to escape; but a great part of the lava run on that of the last eruption in 1779, which renders the mischief less. It surprises many strangers that people should still persist in living on and cultivating such a spot, as the lava constantly takes that direction, south south-east; but the land is so very productive that the temptation is not easily combated."

From another correspondent we extract the following account:

" At ten o'clock last night the eruption of Vesuvius, of which the earthquake seemed to be the forerunner, took place. We were going to visit the crater, when the cries of the people and a volume of flame informed us that the volcano had opened. The lava precipitated itself in three seconds from the last peak of the mountain, and took a direction towards the valley situated between Torre del Greco and Torre del Annunziato, two towns on the sea-coast beyond Portici, and seven or eight miles from Naples. We set off immediately to see this wonderful phenomenon

menon nearer. From the place of our departure we saw the whole course of the lava, which extended already two miles from the crater to the houses that join the two towns. The sight was the most magnificently frightful that could be seen. I contemplated the cascades of flames pouring from the top of the mountain, and shuddered at seeing an immense torrent of fire ravage the finest fields, overthrow houses, and destroy in a few minutes the hopes and resources of an hundred families. A line of fire marked the profile of the mountain; a cloud of smoke, which seemed to send forth from time to time flashes of lightning, hung over the scene, and the moon appeared to be pale. Nothing can adequately describe its grandeur, or give an accurate idea of its horror. As we approached the spot ravaged by this river of fire, ruined inhabitants had quitted their houses; desolated families were trying to save their furniture or provisions, the last feeble resource; an immense crowd of curious persons retreating step by step from advancing lava, and testifying by extraordinary cries their wonder, fear, and pity. The frightful bellowing of the mountain, the frequent explosions which burst from the bosom of the torrent, the cracking of the trees devoured by the flames, the noise of the walls falling, and the lugubrious sound of a bell which the religious Camaldules, isolated on a little hill, and surrounded by two torrents of fire, rang in their distress—such are the details of the frightful scene to which I was witness. The moment we arrived the lava was crossing the great road below Torre del Greco. To see it better we got into a beautiful house on the road side; from the terrace we saw the fire at no more than fifteen paces from us. In a minute we descended, and twenty minutes afterwards there remained of the house but three large walls. I approached as near as the heat and flow of the current would permit me. I attempted at different times to burn the end of my handkerchief in it; I could only do it by tying it to the end of my cane. The lava does not run in liquid waves; it resembles an immense quantity of coals of fire which an invincible strength had heaped up and pushed on with violence. When it met with a wall it collected to the height of seven or ten feet, burnt it, and overthrew it at once. I saw some walls get red-hot, like iron, and melt, if I may use the expression, into lava. On the horizontal road I reckoned that the torrent travelled at the rate of eighteen inches in a minute. Its smell resembled that of iron red-hot."

"One cannot but regret (says Mr. Falconnet) that such a beautiful country as this, blessed with an admirable soil, fine situation, healthy climate, and pure sky, should be liable to such drawbacks and convulsions of nature. But in this world we cannot expect enjoyments without some alloy; and we must submit to providence, who has perhaps decreed in its wisdom

that

that a people too much inclined to vice and immorality should be sometimes recalled to a sense of their duties by such uncommon events, which happen when least thought upon."

Particulars of the Damages caused by the Earthquake on Friday, July 26, 1805, from Reports to the Secretary of State's Office.

Towns and Villages.	*Damages.*	*Families perished.*	*Total dead.*
Isernia,	Destroyed,	339	1506
Castel Petroso,	Ditto,	131	443
Contallipa,	Ditto,	142	508
Ponto Massimo,	Ditto,	74	227
Tresolone,	Part destroyed,	390	1440
St. Angelo in Grotta,	Ditto,	43	174
Carpinone,	Ditto,	193	579
Baranella,	Ditto,	180	720
Sassano,	Entirely destroyed,	Inhabitants lost.	
Bassano,	Become a lake,	220	672
St. Angelo di Lombardi,	Part destroyed,	No particulars.	
Camelli,	A volcano opened,	Ditto.	

Other Places, with general Information.

Bassano, destroyed, was the centre of the earthquake, which extended 150 miles. The following places were also destroyed: Rucca, Mandolfi, Machia Godena, Mirabello, Vinghiatura, and other villages. The following places were partly destroyed: Campobassa, Saverna, Supino, Ducameno, Santabuono, Colle Danchese, Castor Petrone, Civita Narva, Bolino, and other villages. Of the different places in Abruzzo and Contado di Molisa, that have suffered, no particulars are as yet given, no account having been received of the number of families or persons dead or missing, and as many are supposed to be dead who are only missing, the number is likely to be less than computed.

BON MOT.

A Countryman, on a trial respecting the right of a fishery, at the last Lancaster assizes, was cross-examined by Serjeant Cockell, who, among many other questions, asked the witness, "*Does thou love fish?*" "*Yea,*" says the poor fellow, with a look of native simplicity, "*but I donna like* Cockle sauce *with it.*"—A roar of laughter followed, in which the serjeant joined with his usual good humour.

ANECDOTES *of the late* SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

AN artist belonging to the Royal Academy being much hipped, was eternally complaining of illness, but could never tell what was the matter with him. At last he married; which being told to Foote, he exclaimed, "I heartily wish him joy; for now he'll readily find out what's the matter with him." —The same artist meeting him some time afterwards, exclaimed, "Well, Foote, you have been premature about my finding out my disorder, as I have got the *best* wife in the world." "I am sorry for that, my dear friend, for you know the old proverb, *bad is the best.*"

At Sir F. B. Delaval's table, Sir Francis having occasion to step into an adjoining room, Foote turned round to one of the company, and cried out, "Did you ever hear such a hound as this? talking of the elegancies of a table; and here I have been seven days together dining with him upon a greasy loin of pork. What he can mean by it, I don't know; except that he means to run his pork against the Beggar's Opera." Sir Francis by this time returned; and overhearing the last sentence, good-humouredly exclaimed, "What, Foote! at my loin of pork still!"—"No," said the other, perfectly unabashed, "your loins of pork have been *at me*; and if you don't *take them off*, in another week I suppose I shall be as full of bristles as Peter the wild man."

Lord Delaval having presented one of his chaplains to a good living, a person in company said, "Well, let the Delavals alone for doing things in a *good style* (stile.)—"It may be so," said Foote, "but it is not, however, *their usual gait*," (gate.)

When Mrs. Macaulay published a pamphlet called *Loose Thoughts*, several ladies who happened to be in company with Foote, reprobated the title as very improper for a woman: "Not at all, ladies: the sooner a woman gets rid of such thoughts the better."

When Foote first heard of Dr. Blair's writing notes on Ossian (a work, the reality of which has always been much doubted,) he observed the booksellers ought to allow a great discount to the purchasers, as the *notes* required such a stretch of *credit.*"

Some improvements being made near St. Sepulchre's church, for the erection of a new compter, a person observed how convenient it would be from its correspondence to Newgate. "I dislike it for that very reason," said Foote, "because it is encouraging a *criminal correspondence.*"

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The NATIVITY *of* CHRIST.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night."—*S. Luke* ii. 8.

FIRST SHEPHERD.—EDWIN.

THE moon, array'd in shining robes of light,
Has chas'd the darkness of th' approaching night;
The wide expanse of heav'n's celestial blue
Appears in orbits of transporting hue.
How throbs my breast, how swells my grateful heart!
Fain would my soul its happiness impart.
Are not the blessings of indulgent Heav'n
On us bestow'd, to us profusely giv'n.
Content, repose, no cares perplex our mind,
Ease and tranquillity in all we find.
Not e'en the pomp which great Augustus sways,
Has half the charms, has half the pow'rs to please.
'Tis our delight our harmless flocks to tend,
Our charge of innocence to keep—defend;
To rear our young, to see our flocks increase;
A shepherd's life is joy, is love, is peace.

SECOND SHEPHERD.—PHINEAS.

True, Edwin, true, our life indeed is crown'd
With blessings which the trifling world ne'er found.
Yet tho' thus happy, thus by Heav'n approv'd,
My soul is troubled, and my spirits mov'd,
Whene'er reflection brings before my face
The disobedience of the Jewish race.
From Pharo's grasp who set our nation free,
From Egypt's bondage and foul tyranny?
Who rais'd a column of all-glorious light
To guard by day, and to protect by night?
Who smote the waters, who the great deep smote,
And who in safety Israel's children brought?
Thro' the Red Sea, beneath whose wave who toss'd
The Egyptian monarch, and his numerous host?
Who, in the wilderness, with manna fed?
And who the dews of heav'n transform'd to bread?
That Israel's sons might live? who caus'd the stone
To melt to liquid, by his arm alone?
Repeated blessings, by his mercy borne,
I feel, I blush, to mention the return.
Ingratitude and disobedience, all
The worst of vices, hast'ned Israel's fall.

THIRD SHEPHERD.—PALEMON.

Let me with thee, my dear Phineas, join,
With thee the follies of lost Israel mourn.
Ungrateful nation! when Philistia's hosts,
Their strong encampments form'd around thy coasts;

Who interfer'd, who sent old Jesse's son
To make the cause of Israel his own?
E'en royal David, the great monarch who
The proud Goliath by his valour slew;
E'en in those fields, where we our flocks now keep,
Th' anointed David watch'd his father's sheep;
'Till call'd by Heav'n, 'till by Heaven inspir'd,
The peaceful shepherd to the warrior fir'd,
Deliver'd Israel from Philistia's power,
They hail'd the victor, hail'd the happy hour.
A transient joy within their bosoms dwelt,
A lively gratitude they never felt.
But when Phineas, when, my generous friend,
Will guilty Israel, will her miseries end?
With impious folly still they practice all
Those shameful vices which conspir'd her fall.
O! how I long the heav'nly time to see
When clad in robes, array'd in majesty,
The powerful prince, the great messiah shall
Lift up our nation from her shamelful fall.
But tho' I thus lament our country's fate,
And mourn the mis'ries of her wretched state,
A sacred prop supports my sinking heart,
Divine religion doth its aid impart.
Hail heav'nly friend! Hail sacred, vital pow'r!
That soothes the sorrows of each passing hour.
Often I trace the theologic page,
And read the wonders of another age.
'Tis there I'm taught with hope to wait for still
The consolation of our Israel.

FOURTH SHEPHERD.—THEODORE.

Cease, cease, Palemon, turn thine eyes on high,
And see what issues from the ethereal sky.
Behold! adorn'd in robes divinely bright,
Clad in effulgence, in immortal light,
A heavenly host. Behold! it cometh nigh.
O hide me earth! O! whither shall I fly?
My troubled soul would fain conceal its guilt.
O Heaven preserve me! ere thine arm be felt.*
But hark! I hear a joyful chorr above,
Whose strains are harmony, whose song is love;
Sweetly proclaim, in sounds of sacred mirth,
" Glory to God, and peace to men on earth."
Then cheer our souls, nor fear the heav'nly train,
'Tis angel bands—for sure the theme's divine.

FIRST ANGEL.

Rise, wond'ring shepherds, rise,
And join the sacred lay;
Tune your harps to heavenly sounds,
And hail the joyful day.
Behold this day is born
A God to mortals giv'n!
Greet with us the joyful morn,
And hail the Prince of Heaven.

CHORUS of ANGELS.

This is Jesu's natal day;
This the chosen happy morn;
Mortals! shout the sacred lay;
Sing the world's Redeemer's born.

SECOND

* " They were sore afraid."—*St. Luke.*

SECOND ANGEL.

Communion's form'd 'twixt earth and Heav'n,
The Saviour promis'd long is giv'n,
Then hail the blessed morn;
The pow'rs of Hell shall be subdu'd,
The wily serpent's head be bruis'd.
The mighty conqueror's born-
The Lamb of God is lowly, meek,
The great Redeemer shepherds seek,
And spread the news around;
A stable holds the heavenly guest,
The immortal Jesus, ever blest!
Is in a manger found.
CHORUS, This is Jesu's &c. &c.

THIRD ANGEL.

A star, the brightest of the shining train,
Shall guide you where the Lord of Hosts is lain;
Then rise rejoicing, tread th' appointed road,
That leads to life, that leads alone to God.
CHORUS, This is Jesu's &c. &c.

CHORUS of SHEPHERDS.

Death is disarm'd of all its stings,
The dreary grave of all its prey;
The Deity incarnate lives,
Awake our grateful souls, and say,
Glory to God! who reigns above,
For peace to men is giv'n;
The love of God has heal'd the wound,
And made us meet for Heav'n.

Camborne, Cornwall. J. B.

LINES *on* MONEY.

THOU sweetest bliss of human life,
Uniting closely man and wife;
Thou canst the virgin's heart decoy,
And give old maids a sparkling joy.
Without thy aid, nought shines on earth
Of learning, title, or high birth.
E'en saints above their patents owe
To canonizing gold below.
Thou, church and state's puissant good,
Canst rectify imperial blood!
Doctors, whom various symptoms guide,
In thy appearance most confide.
Conflicting lawyers, too, agree,
When they refer the cause to thee.
Bent to thy shrine all trades adore,
Exulting in prolific store.

O! thou, who rulest ev'ry head,
That plods by day, or schemes in bed,
Thou guinea! stamp of Britain's love!
Thou *Georgium sidus*, from above!
How thou canst cheer the poor man's heart!
Thou then do'st act thy noblest part.
But when thou tak'st a vicious freak,
To bribe the knave, corrupt the weak,
Or liv'st the heartless miser's joy,
Thou then art worse than base alloy.

J. A.